Came I to take her from her kindreds Vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here vntimely lay,
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And beare this worke of heauen with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the Tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me:
But as it seemes, did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage her Nurse is priuie:
And if ought in this miscaried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of seuerest law-

Prin. VVe still haue knowne thee for a holy man,
VVhers *Romeos* man: what can he say to this?

Balth. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*,
To this same place. To this same monument
This letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and leaft him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter I will looke on it.
VVhere is the Counties Page that raisd the VVatch?
Sirrah what made your master in this place?

Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my maister drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prin This Letter doth make good the friers words,
Their course of Loue the tidings of her death,
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecarie, and there withall,
Came to this Vault, to die and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*?

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds meanes to kill your joyes with loue;
And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a braze of Kinsmen: all are punished.

Cap. O brother Mountague, give me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
as that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Ladies lye:
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin: a glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than that of Juliet and her Romeo.

Finis.